

Revamp

By A. C. Zito

Doctor Vingotti pointed to the spot for me to land the helicopter. I nodded, landing it on a plot of ice that didn't look fragile. And I heard it with relief. The crunch of hard ice as the machine landed like a dream gave me reassurance to my doubt. My snow boots already had my feet sweating up a storm so Doctor Vingotti better hurry up and pick a place or else...

"Is this good?" I called out. He jumped out and had that fancy gadget of his running around in circles until he was already too far away to where he couldn't have heard me. "*Dagnabbit*," I had had enough. I wasn't waiting around a second more to see if he was going to unload his *special merchandise!* What in *the hell* did he even have back there, anyhow? Sounded like some dang *chim-pan-ZEE!* But I knew it couldn't be something alive. At least, I *warned* him what would happen if he pulled a stunt like that!

"YES! YES, THIS IS PERFECT!" I heard him scream out! *Thank GOD* I thought to myself as I turned the engine off. It was killing me that I hadn't taken a piss in the last two hours and being able to unload those four *Red Bulls* I've been working on since we left Cape Town was a godsend!

"What *dang* contraption are we dropping off, anyhow, *doc?*" I asked as I shook out the last couple of drops.

"A prototype, *just* prototype," he whispered as I heard him start up some sort of machine.

"A *proto-WHAT?*" I didn't know what mumbo jumbo he was speaking, but one thing was for sure, and that was that *I* only spoke one language and *that right there* was the language of *'merica!*

"Now don't be frightened, Mr. Krakateer, but I went back on the oath I promised you before we left." I slowly zipped up my pants and had my revolver already cocked and loaded; ready for whatever fast one the old fart was planning on laying on me. *No* son of a bitch *ain't* pulling no easy one on *the* Randy *Krakateer*; I write my *own* rules! Pick *'em* where they lie, that's what my grand-daddy Bridge Kane the *third* always taught *me!*

"Are you telling me you *ain't* a *law-abiding* citizen? You some sort of *rule breaker?* AN *OATHBREAKER*, Doctor Vingotti?" I spun around and pointed my revolver right in his direction waiting for whatever move he had in store for me. But there he was. Staring at me with one big *ol'* smile stretched out from cheek to cheek looking like a big *ol'* buffoon!

"Mister *Vingoshi*, you look like a big *ol'* buffoon!" I had to tell him. His smile vanished as he corrected me:

"*Doctor... VIN-GOT-TI!*" and he added: "And don't you see something a little peculiar?" His neck strained as he looked at me, curiously. I shook my head, curious at why he was lollygagging. I wanted him to *draw!* Try and steal my *HELI-CAPTOR!* NO YOU DON'T! NOT ON *MY* WATCH!

"I don't see *nuthin'!* *Nuthin'* but a *yeller belly, greasy PUERTO RICAN* with an eye to steal what *ain't HIS!*" But then I noticed it. A big, white, fluffy pillow bigger than the *thievin' coward!* And then I jumped back hitting my head on the outer shell of the helicopter as I screamed out: "JESUS, MOTHER OF GOD, IT'S MOVING!" Doctor Vingotti erupted with a belly full of laughter as I rubbed at my head feeling the bump that was throbbing ever so painfully.

"It's *not real*, Mr. Krakateer. It's merely a machine. A machine made to replicate the absence of an animal." And then he added, "And *these* are why the machine was made." Vingotti went inside the helicopter and came out with a cage with two smaller white balls of fluff. You could see the face outlined in the fluffy whiteness to help distinguish what showed to be:

"They're *bears?*" I asked, incredulous at the site, "I've never seen bears with fur that's... that's..."

"White?" he finished for me. I nodded, scratching my head. I brought my hand close to see if I could pet one of them, but Vingotti quickly slapped it away.

"These bears used to live in the North Pole." I laughed as I heard him make up some fantasy land!

"Yeah; and I'm from *Narnia!*" I continued laughing until:

WHAM Doctor Vingotti slapped me across the face. And hard too! I felt the cheek he slapped and wondered if my revolver wasn't too far offhand.

"These are *polar bears!* You've never heard of them because they only exist in privately funded zoos away from the public eye. Ever since 2085 when the last of what used to be the North Pole melted away everywhere and anywhere began to lash out at the government, the public, and anyone who they felt responsible for destroying their homelands through Climate Change lashed out by sending the animals to places where no one was ever allowed to visit them. Soon enough, centuries upon centuries upon centuries later the animals became a myth; like they never even existed. When someone thought of a polar bear, you would laugh and then think of a unicorn, the Loch Ness Monster, Big Foot, and a centaur. If you go back home and tell someone you saw a polar bear they would either laugh at you or ask if you mean a grizzly bear, black bear, or a panda. Polar bears are the best kept secret on the planet..." And that was when Doctor Vingotti opened the cage letting the two little bear cubs out watching as they walked off into the distance with the machine. "The North Pole has returned but now-a-days it's called..." I finished for him, looking around:

"New Antarctica?" he nodded, starting up again:

"After Antarctica had melted all those years ago along with the North Pole, the islands that appeared under all that ice were named the Antarctica Islands. The name was never lost like the North Pole's name was." I watched as the two bear cubs disappeared in the distance. And then I had to ask:

"And the machine?" he nodded, answering:

“It’s programmed to be their mother and kick their innate instincts back into drive so when they meet the other polar bears that we’re also dropping off in New Antarctica they can keep the existence of their species in play.” I nodded as I knew the next question he was about to ask:

“And are you ready, Randy Krakateer?” I was, but I knew he had to continue the court-ordered statements: “Are you ready to be the machine to the two living human beings we’re putting in your possession with Mrs. Beth Krakateer. The planet we will be sending you has been laid out exactly like our planet. We’ve given the planet a different name, however. We will be naming this one, Earth.” I nodded as he opened up my control box and made sure everything was in good condition. He then looked at me for an answer. I nodded.

“Yes,” I said, “I’m ready to be sent to planet *Earth* along with the other machines and our hand-picked babies that we’ll be watching over. I’m ready to help in the start-up of the inhabiting of the planet: *Earth*.”